

Unarmed Citizens May Here Learn How to Foil the Ubiquitous Thug

Daring of Roughts Has Become So Great That a Mere Honest Man Feels Safest at Home.

HOW shall a wayfaring New Yorker travel safely to and from his home during the present carnival of hold-ups?

The highway robber is plying his trade at every hour of the day and night in every section of the city. Your life or your roll is demanded on the busy, daylight street, in respectable avenues, on elevated station stairs, in parks and on bridges, and even next door to police stations. The newspapers are filled with a hair-raising catalogue of crime. When a citizen leaves the comparative security of home or office he is likely to feel that it may be his turn next, and uneasy visions arise of ambulance, hospital and a notice in the obituary column.

It is no use to blame the police. A highwayman and not a theory confronts us. Is there any way to dodge the slugs and avoid the attentions of the stick-up man? Are there precautions to be taken which will at least lessen the peril of those who go abroad and who are unable to indulge in the luxury of a bodyguard? How would you take a walk on Broadway or Fifth avenue and feel reasonably sure that you were not going to get your skull fractured?

These questions were put by the Tribune writer to a private detective, Charles E. Eweeney, who has had long experience with the hold-up problem.

"The first thing every man ought to do," said Mr. Eweeney, "is to write his name and take out policies of life and casualty insurance. Then, if anything happens to him in spite of precautions, he knows his family will be taken care of. Besides, it stiffens a man's nerve and at the same time makes him more careful to take those preliminary steps. People generally buy casualty insurance when they go on a railroad journey. You need it more when you're travelling around New York in a streetcar. Everybody should get insured, and it wouldn't be a bad scheme to pick out your favorite surgeon in advance—the one you'd rather have for a trephining job after you get slugged. Your name, address and telephone number should be written in indelible ink on cloth hands, to be sewed in your clothes. The same should be inscribed on the inside of the sweatband of your hat. You may lose identification cards and letters, but the indelible, second inscription stays with you. It would be best to have every article you wear, even your shoes, marked with name and address, since there are cases where thugs strip their victims almost to the last garment. And the more tags the less chance of your identity being undiscovered at the hospital or the police station, where a broken head often passes

for a case of intoxication. You are especially likely to lose your hat. So plant "a hold-up" in your clothes. The main thing is to be prompt. Don't argue with a suspicious character on a lonely street. If he asks much for philanthropy hand it to him below the ribs. "You may find a man lying down and groaning. He seems to be very sick. Another fellow comes up and suggests that you help lift the sick one and take him to a drug store. When you stoop over to lift the sick man grabs you by the neck, and the other one slugs you on the head, after which they weed you out. This is what we call a hold-up trap."

"The walking stick is no use unless you have time to use it. Therefore, walk on the edge of the sidewalk, or in the street, so that the thug can't jump on you from a doorway. Watch both sides of the street. Turn a corner wide and look out for what is beyond. Never pass through the wood-work tunnel over a sidewalk in front of a new building, or one that is being repaired, even at an early hour and when people are about. Quite generally thugs attack in pairs. You must do quick work to dispose of them one at a time. Besides its service in hitting, the club may be used for rapping on the sidewalk to call police aid. A rap is heard a long way and is a first class trouble signal. It is also well to carry a police whistle, which you can buy for a small sum, and have it handy for immediate use on those last few blocks."

"A woman can't very well carry a stick, but she has a weapon in a long hairpin, and she might also have an ammonia squirt gun or a package of red pepper to throw in the eyes of the thug. Ammonia and pepper are a strong combination. Another thing that a woman as well as a man can do who is attacked by a thug in front is to kick him just below the kneecap. This blow paralyzes the leg and side; it puts the highwayman out of action. It is easy to deliver and is not expected. If you are grabbed from behind, lift your foot and come down hard with the heel on the arch of the highwayman's foot. It will make him loosen his hold. Then you can turn around and hit him in the stomach. Don't try to punch any one in the head; it is a poor place to land, and is looked for and guarded against. A punch in the stomach or solar plexus is unexpected, and does the business."

"If a man asks you for the time late at night on a lonely street, it is time to get ready to wait him. A shiny object like a metal cigar case that resembles a revolver



IF YOU ARE SEIZED FROM BEHIND, LIFT YOUR FOOT AND BRING HEEL DOWN HARD ON ARCH OF THUG'S FOOT.



KICKING THE FOOTPAD JUST BELOW THE KNEECAP IS AN EFFECTIVE MEASURE OF DEFENCE.

club. There are other professional tools that will serve the same purpose. The place to apply a club, after the head, is the side, just below the ribs. This blow will lay out an ox. The main thing is to be prompt. Don't argue with a suspicious character on a lonely street. If he asks much for philanthropy hand it to him below the ribs. "You may find a man lying down and groaning. He seems to be very sick. Another fellow comes up and suggests that you help lift the sick one and take him to a drug store. When you stoop over to lift the sick man grabs you by the neck, and the other one slugs you on the head, after which they weed you out. This is what we call a hold-up trap."

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A Few Simple Precautions Here Outlined May Prevent Many a Hold-up in Lonely Streets.

may be useful in bluffing a crook. The other night I drew a bead with a cigar case on a panhandler, made him throw up his hands and marched him toward a police station. One night, before the time of the Sullivan law, I was stopped in Washington Square by a tough customer, who asked for the time. I had my hands in my overcoat pockets and the coat was open. There was a gold watch chain across my vest. I kept my hands in my pockets and told the yegg to help himself to the watch and see what time it was. He took the watch out, looked at it, put it back very carefully, thanked me, and walked away. And when he was some distance off he called out: 'Say, you're a wise guy, all right.' There was a reason for his honesty and politeness. I had a gun in my right-hand pocket, and when I told him to help himself to the watch I shoved the muzzle of the gun against his stomach. He could feel it."

"But to get back to the hold-up. Assuming that you have escaped or fought off danger up to the moment of entering your house for flat, you have one more precaution to run. A thug may be hiding within the vestibule of the building. A small electric light is useful here as at other times. Get one of those vest pocket affairs and throw a flash in the hallway before you enter, while your stick is ready for action. If there is a double door, look sharp for some one in the vestibule. When you open the inner door look out for some one behind it. Use the flash until you can light the gas or switch on the incandescents. There are a number of cases where people have been sandbagged entering their own homes, especially flats. Some women make it a point never to enter their apartment without ringing the bell and giving any crook inside time to be warned and make his getaway. They figure that it is better to be robbed than slugged."

"When you are in your home, look after the doors and windows, fix the burglar alarm, unchain the dog, put your unfascinated pistol under your pillow and thank heaven that the hold-up man does not break into the American's castle. Any one who breaks in is a burglar. You will not be in danger of a hold-up until you leave the house next morning."



WALK ON THE EDGE OF THE SIDEWALK AND KEEP YOUR STICK READY FOR ACTION.

Just Unspoiled, Lovable, Carefully Guarded Youngsters Are the Stage Children

Continued from third page.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Allice nearly grew up in it. What salaries do children get? That depends upon what they do. Fifty dollars a week is no uncommon thing. Many get much less, of course. It all depends on how the contract is made and how the mother manages. It pays to stop only at good hotels, for good food must be had. I know some mothers who, upon arriving in a town early, find some family to stop with. In that way expenses are often reduced, better accommodations secured and pleasant acquaintances made. It is a great mistake not to give children every possible advantage for study as well as recreation. Most children to-day receive educational advantages.

"Certainly children have protection. In the first place, there is the protection of occupation—every one is very busy. In the best companies dressing rooms are assigned. There the child stays until time for his appearance. When his work is done he expects to return. Where there are large numbers of children a matron is provided. In my estimation, the stage certainly offers no more difficulties than does the factory or department store."

After all, stage mothers, as far as the investigator has seen, were quite as good mothers as some of those who spent their time at clubs, militantly reforming. Next she had a chance to test the stage grandparent.

No one in the world has more unselfish and devoted interest in a child's welfare than a grandparent. Jerry Cohan, of the famous Cohan family and grandfather of "Freddie" Niblo, who is now on the road with his parents in "The Fortune Hunter," was found working over papers in his office.

"Tell me something about 'Freddie'?" Why, let me see," he mused deliberately. "I can't think of a thing. He's just like every other boy. We don't want him spoiled. We try to have him understand that the most important thing in the world for him is to be manly."

"He's a great kid," grandfather added, reminiscently, his kindly blue eyes twinkling. "He knows how to work grandpa all right. (Anybody would know such a grandpa couldn't help being indulgent.) You know we have a place up in the country. He is crazy over the cowboys and wants to fix up a Wild West show out there. While ago he wrote me a very affectionate letter thanking me 'before-hand' for getting him a tent and all the other things he thinks necessary. He likes to dress like a cowboy. Once in Denver he strayed away, and was found down in 17th street trying to find out from the cowboys what they'd charge him to

take him out to Arizona. Yes, we certainly do see that he studies every day. There is no chance for a boy without an education. He doesn't like arithmetic very well, but he does like history and geography. He likes to get up lectures, with the other schoolboys as audience. He tells all about places in the geography that he has visited. We surely do believe in corporal punishment, but he's a pretty good boy. I only remember one spanking. He wants to write plays—one that he called 'Sorry After' he has sold already, to his uncle. I hope he'll really sell one some day. I hope he will stick to the stage. You know he made his debut this year. Whatever he does, I hope he will be a good man."

That evening "Freddie's" grandmother granted an interview. She is now playing with her husband and George M. Cohan, her son, in "The Little Millionaire."

In a dressing room, pink and powdery and frilly with lace she visited informally, while her maid deftly arranged the costume to be worn in the next act. The mirrors reflected a grandma with hair iron-gray and a mouth whose corners perked in girlishly curling upward, making it pretty hard for the stage eyes to look stern. If they should try. She is a lover of her home and fulfills the ideals of mother and grandmother as well as those in her audience.

"'Freddie'—we all call him 'Son'—was born here in New York," she said. "He has been attending the public schools, which we thoroughly believe in, and will keep on there until he goes to college, or perhaps West Point. He went to the school in Monroe, where our country place is, after we went up there last year. He felt so sorry to see the school flag worn looking that he got us to let him get a new one to replace it."

"Does he ever get into mischief? There are so many capers it confuses me to try to recall them. One dreadful thing I do remember. I noticed him and another boy out on the lawn having great sport swinging a bag round and round. I went over and found they had taken a pillow case, inclosed a red kitten and were 'seeing if it would get dizzy.' 'Son' got whacked. We told him he had caused a poor little animal to suffer, so he must suffer, too. He felt very contrite, for he has a warm heart—he couldn't help that, as he is of Irish descent."

"Oh, no," she laughed, "I no longer dance. My son, George, was rather awkward. I thought, until he was about thirteen, and I think 'Son' seems quite a bit as he did when the same age. I'm sorry you can't see 'Son,' but of course he is as big as his mother, and was 'seeing if it would get dizzy.' 'Son' got whacked. Conditions were different then. Often I could get no one to tend them, and the only place I could put the baby, would be in

my trunk in my dressing room. I hope to see 'Son' grow up in the profession."

A quick smile darted past the caller. There in the doorway stood grandpa, prim looking in his gray suit. It was time for grandpa and him to go on.

And these two, who were urging their own grandchild to take to the stage at an early age, after seeing their children there. The thought of "parental ignorance and greed" in connection with the Cohan family made the Modest Member smile.

Further inquiry disclosed dozens of other little actors, equally interesting and equally fortunate. The roly-poly Turner twins, five years old, enjoy the fun of being in the "Doll Chorus" in "Over the River," and while they would be classed as "extra children," they probably get at least \$15 a week. Their father is one of the stage mechanics at the same theatre, and they are constantly under his watchful eye.

Kenneth Casey, known as "The Vitagraph Boy," is a well-cared-for chap of nine. He is a familiar figure in the moving pictures. Some say he gets \$15 a week. Another vitagraph actor is Zena Keefe, now sixteen years old, who was the original child in "The Fatal Wedding."

Alma Sedley and Donald Gallagher are two well known children in "Alma Jimmy Valentine." Alma was born in Dawson, Alaska. For generations her family has produced actors, and she was carried on the stage when she was three weeks old. With such ancestors and so early a debut it isn't strange that she got parts as soon as she could talk. When the kindergarten days were past Alma had her mother as tutor, and schoolbooks went with them everywhere. She loves to sew and fashion new dresses for her doll. Crocheting, too, helped to make her fingers nimble.

Donald is sixteen years old now, and has been on the stage for some years. Formerly he was "leading man" in Mrs. Burnett's "The Little Princess," by virtue of being the only male actor of any consequence in the production. He has recently written a Civil War play, designed for boys and filled with thrilling episodes. One day, when he was playing in "The Little Princess," he strolled into a library in a Western town. An attendant condescendingly offered the small youngster a number of picture books. He immediately returned them with the scornful comment:

"Save these for the natives. I came to take a fall out of Shakespeare."

Then there are the five Finley children, whom even casual acquaintances speak of as a "fine lot." David and Arthur Ross, who played in "Mother," and Thomas Carahan, eight years old and appearing in vaudeville.

Those who believe in putting the child on the stage at a tender age declare that in no other way can a latent dramatic

talent be fully developed. In other words, if you want a good actor, catch him young. Their opponents, however, maintain that the same advantage may be obtained in the dramatic school.

But your dyslexic, theatrical man is inclined, not without reason, to scoff at the dramatic school when unaccompanied by practical experience. Lieber & Co. are considering the combination of these two elements by the establishment of a dramatic school in connection with their own and all other little child actors who wish to take advantage of it.

The eleven rehearsal rooms could be utilized for instruction, which would be given by trained men and women, perhaps actors themselves, at no expense to the child. They have even thought of the possibility of having outdoor classes in warm weather, making use of Central Park, across the way, for stage and scenery.

From the standpoint of benefit to the child, this is in line with work already being done by educators here. At the recreation centres dramatic work is very popular. Bits of Shakespeare and other authors are given by the children. Parents and teachers alike regard the work as helpful toward a broad education. Singing, dancing, foreign languages, all contribute toward this end. No longer is a polished manner and an appearance of culture accepted in stagemod for real intellectuality.

Blanche Bates has said: "In acting the one fundamental, absolutely requisite, is imagination—which can analyze and comprehend a character in all mental and physical aspects and can compel others to see the character in the same way."

Stimulation of the imagination is sought in every schoolroom, because it is one of the most valuable qualities of the human mind. Educators find that children who leave school early for hard work lack initiative and a proper sense of responsibility—so are not as likely to succeed.

This sense of responsibility is strongly developed already in Richard Abbot, of "The Garden of Allah," the handsome Syrian ten-year-old who marches across the desert in red fez and tattered burlap robe.

"Come on here; you'll be late!" he admonished Sophie Harward, the dusky-eyed little Jewess of twelve, who was chatting with their caller in a nook out of the way of the shifting scenes.

"He's always hurrying me; he likes to go on so much himself," she commented. "I know the whole play, just as well as he does, and I'm never late. See! There's his father over there. Know him?"

"Come on! Come on!" flashed Richard, and off she went, her bright yellow head-dress leading a horde of color to the scene. On went the horses, camels, goats

and the tollers on foot, one carrying on her back fat little Eddy Rice, age two and one-half years.

The visitor pressed close to the very edge of the curtain, wondering if the children would think to give her a glance of recognition. She was disappointed. They were temporarily living in another world. Back they came, and with faces aglow asked how she liked it. They assured her that it was "fun," then, remembering that they were the hosts, hastened to point out and name everything in sight, telling with great exactness just what part each one had in the performance.

"Look! Quick! There is Miss Mannerling! Ever seen her? Isn't she fine?" said the little girl. "Some day I wish I could be like her."

"Aw, I'd rather be a circus man," jeered the boy.

"That's because his father once had a circus," explained Sophie. "My sister is on the stage. She's playing now. She comes after me nights, so I won't go home alone."

"Yes, I go to school. I have the nicest teacher. I like to go. No, I don't miss much. I have a permit to be a little late on mornings. That's all. Mama says I must have my sleep. Can I read? Here, let's take this." And she reached for a long type-written report sheet, which she read glibly.

"Let me, too," urged Richard.

"He can read," remarked Sophie, "but he can't spell as well as I can." Richard had a fleeting expression of worry, but stoutly said: "Try."

"They spelled 'desert,' 'intermission,' 'performance' and a lot of other big words."

"I think you peek a little," accused Sophie.

"Never! I'll give you an easy word you can't spell—Mississippi!"

She did it correctly.

"Amsterdam!"

"This was a real spelling bee. Neither was 'spelled down.' The boy waxed courageous."

"Spell Louisiana."

"Sophie faltered, tried and failed, but sought to retrieve.

"You spell it yourself," she cried.

There was a painful delay.

"Oh!" she cried, poking his fat little stomach, "he can't spell his own words himself!"

"Come on, let's draw pictures," suggested the resourceful competitor.

Both children were the embodiment of perfect health. Sophie has had a "career"—she has been on the "road"—once, over in Jersey. If Richard should decide not to be a circus man he is sure he would like to be an Arabian prince, "the part my father has in the play."

Baby Eddie Rice made friends easily. He hesitated shyly a moment, then decided

to "go to the lady," made a grand rush and flung his chubby, soft arms around her neck. His dark eyes shone with delight when his mother carried him behind the scenes, where he receives much petting. He is especially fond of "Papa Irish," one of the stage hands.

So much for intimate pictures of some of our little stage children. There are about two thousand of them in the United States. From fifty to one hundred find employment in New York City, and many of them, appearing outside, come from New York City homes.

But these cases examined are exceptional, some may say? Supposing they were? At least they are sufficient answer to the sweeping charges that all such children are unfortunate. They prove, moreover, say the theatrical folk, that with proper protection the child on the stage not only is not harmed but receives positive benefit.

The National Child Labor Committee is working to banish the child from the stage. Its proposed uniform law would forbid the appearance of a performer under the age of sixteen in any kind of entertainment. Through the efforts of this organization plays employing children must stay away from such great theatrical centres as Chicago, Boston and New Orleans, or get along the best they can with dwarfed adults in child parts.

On the other hand is the National Alliance for the Protection of Stage Children, of which Augustus Thomas is president. "Take away the child from the stage and you take away the best plays—the plays with the tender home relations," says Mr. Thomas.

This organization, however, believes in protective legislation, as its name implies, though it would not be so sweeping as the Child Labor Committee. Mr. Thomas and his associates believe in the licensing system, discriminatingly applied, as in New York State. In fact, the Child Labor Committee's secretary, Owen R. Lovejoy, admits that if all the states had as good laws as this one there would be no great quarrel.

The National Alliance for the Protection of Stage Children is making every effort to prohibit the employment of children in any dangerous work, such as acrobatic acts, wire walking, bicycle acts, etc. It would keep them out of improper places and see that they are under the care of proper adult guardians while employed.

This organization's return to the sweeping charges of the Child Labor Committee is that dramatic training is education, not labor, and must not be confused with sweatshop work and other arduous employment, which more properly comes within that excellent committee's province.

In England the laws carefully protect the child, forbidding any under ten to ap-

pear at all on the stage, and requiring a license for all between that age and fourteen. These licenses strictly regulate the conditions under which the child is employed.

Here are some of the names of actors well known to-day, who began their careers as children and attribute much of their success to that fact:

Charles Macklin, John Philip Kemble, George Arne Bellamy, Edmund Kean, Mrs. Duff, George Frederick Cooke, Mozart, Rachel, Charles Kemble, John Howard Payne, Adeline Patti, Eleanora Duse, Edwin Forrest, Rachel, Adelaide Phillips, Loie Fuller, Joseph Hart, Mrs. John Drew, Mrs. G. C. (Topsy) Howard, Mrs. Gilbert, Arnold Daly, Agnes Robertson, Peg Woffington, Frances Abington, Dora Jordan, Helen Faucet, Master Betty, Grimaldi, Mendelssohn, Haydn, Beethoven, Miss Eliza O'Neill, Joseph Jefferson, the Bateman Sisters, Salvini, Ristori, Jean Desport, Landor, Fay Templeton, Fanny Davenport, Maude Adams, Mrs. Fiske, Jane Hading, Effie Shannon, H. E. Dixey, Adeline Genevieve, Anna Hoad, Agnes Booth, Annie Russell, Barton Hill, Bijou Fernandez, Cyril Scott, Clara Morris, Clara Lipman, Giovanni Pernigini, Henry Woodruff, Elsie Janis, Phyllis Rankin, Edward Harrigan, May Buckley, Fritz Williams, Hilda Spang, Florence Rothwell, Frank Gilmore, Tommy Russell, Joseph Shoen, Daniel Sely, Walter Jones, Mabel Hollins, Lillian Lawrence, Maude Harrison, Robert Graham, Mrs. Kendal, Lotta, Frederic de Belleville, Lew Fields, May Irwin, Bijou Heron, Elsie Leslie, Edna May, Henry Clay Blaney, Lillian Blauvelt, Frederick Bond, Rowland Buckstone, Joseph Cawthorne, Peter F. Dailley, Mrs. Yeamans, Dustin Farnum, Sam Bernard, Lewis Hallman, J. W. Wallace, Henry Placide, Louis Alfred, Mrs. Bancroft (Mrs. Willson), Maggie Mitchell, Julia Arthur, Sol Smith, Julia Marlowe, Mme. 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